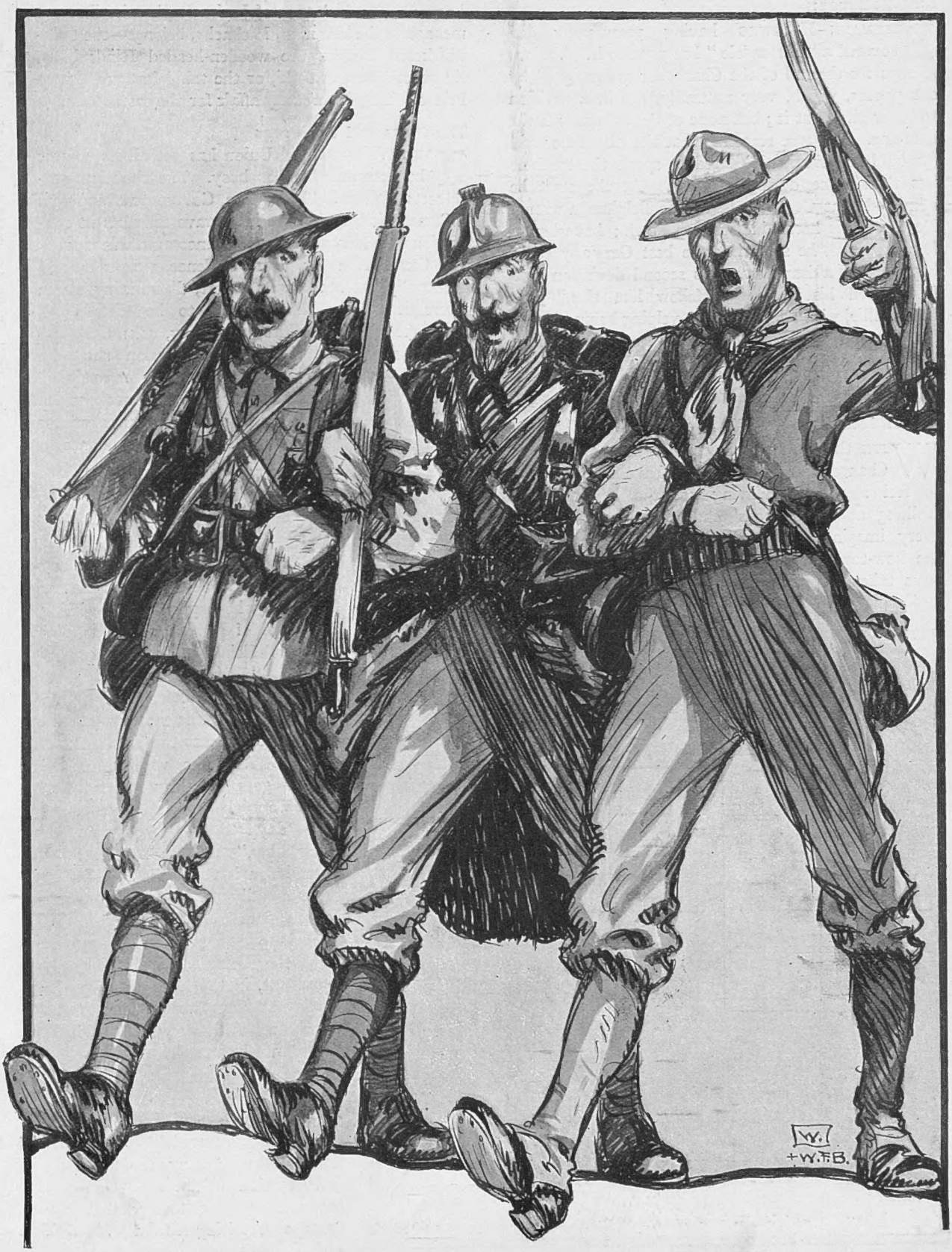
The Bystander, July 18, 1917.—No. 711. Vol. LV.

The BYSTANDER



THE THREE MUSKETEERS

"Tommy," "Le Poilu," and "Sammy" marching together to the victory that is certain

BYSTANDER WAR COMMENTS

Exit Bethmann

BETHMANN-HOLLWEG having presumably discovered a "better 'ole" has gone to it. Various reasons for the fall of the Chancellor are assigned by our papers, which, very naturally, are in a position to know all about it; but none of these reasons is the true one. The true reason is that the Chancellor had (probably inadvertently) dared to speak the truth no less than twice during the war. At the start he admitted that Germany had done Belgium a wrong. He lived this horrid indiscretion down; but when, a few days ago, he said that the best Germany could hope for was a drawn war, this second deviation into fact sealed his fate. "A fellow like this," yaps little Willie, with all Junkerdom yelping behind him—"a German who can speak the truth *twice*—is a danger to the Empire! Away with him!" And they awayed with him accordingly.

The Hidden Face

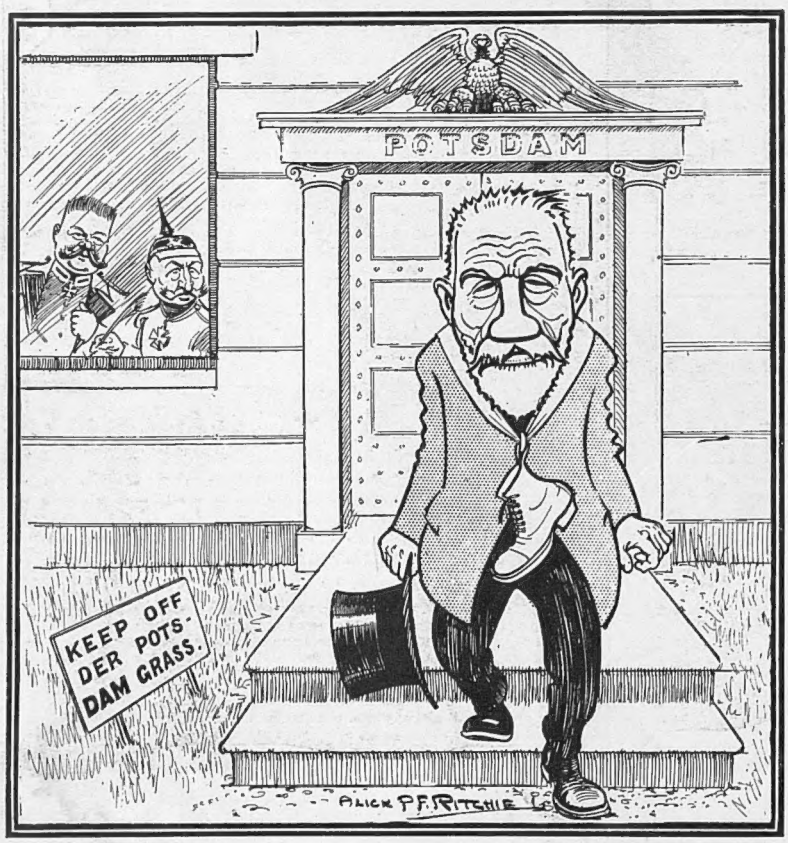
WITH the Kaiser's choice of a successor to his Chancellor our cartoonists have every reason to feel aggrieved. Having got the lantern-jawed Hollweg at their pencils' ends, and drawn him in every imaginable attitude from the commanding to the kow-towing, they now find all the pains they have taken to get him right is *napoo*; and they know not to which type of Junkerdom's miscellaneous menagerie the new man, Michaelis, belongs—the twin-whiskered Tirpitz, the wooden-headed Hindenburg, the moon-faced Batocki, or the tabid-featured Crown Prince. Yes, it's a nasty affair for the cartoonists.

The Mess and the Press

THE Whitewashers' Union has got all its biggest buckets and brushes busy. The situation out-Gilberts Gilbert. Thus: The Government appoints a Commission to inquire into grave scandals in connection with Mesopotamia (that uncomfortable word!). The Commission sits, hears evidence, weighs it, and eventually hatches out its report, distributing blame where it thinks blame ought to be distributed. The Press, with absolute unanimity, asks that the personages blamed by the Commission shall be punished—or, at any rate, not further rewarded—for their incompetence. Now the whitewashers get in their fine work. They blame the Commission for its report, and the Press for having the impudence to suggest that the report shall be acted upon. Pretty well everybody, in fact, is to blame except—the very people who have deserved it.

A Classical Parallel

As the goddesses of Olympus used to swoop down and carry off in a convenient cloud their particular favourites who happened to be getting the worst of an encounter, so flies modern officialdom to the rescue of its class. "What," they cry, "did we appoint this Commission for? Why, to do what Commissions have always done—to say it was the Fault of the System! And the wretched Commission goes and blames our pals! Why, we might get blamed ourselves some day!" So they scream for "fair play," and explain that "a Commission is not a jury," and that these awfully good chaps "mustn't be condemned unheard." And start setting up another Court to find out what the Commission has already found out, in the hope that by the time that Court has come to the same conclusion the public will have forgotten all about it.



WEARING HIS LATEST "ORDER"

Bully for You

THE Republic of Liberia, which recently severed diplomatic relations with Germany must be regretting that it did so. Germany has sent a Note to say that any damage resulting from Liberia's action will be noted, and "a bill presented for payment and

(Continued on page 111)

No Heel-Taps!

H.I.M. (soliloquises): "Potstausend! Old Hindenburg drinks deep. What will he leave?"

[*M. Marcel Hutin, in the "Echo de Paris," says: "In Berlin the struggle between Hindenburg and Bethmann-Hollweg has commenced. I can see in advance the appearance of Hindenburg as military dictator with all the consequences that will follow"*]

ENTERTAINMENTS.

COLISEUM. 2.30 and 8 p.m.
ARTHUR BOURCHIER, LITTLE TICH, CHARLES HAWTREY, "THE FRINGES OF THE FLEET," Songs by RUDYARD KIPLING, Music by SIR EDWARD ELGAR, who will conduct; ELLA RETFORD, and Varieties. Ger. 7541.

HIPPODROME, LONDON. TWICE DAILY, at 2.30 and 8.30.
(The Revue starts at 3 p.m. and 9 p.m.)
"ZIG-ZAG!"
Production by Albert de Courville.
SHIRLEY KELLOGG, GEORGE ROBEY, Alec Fraser, Cicely Debenham, George Clarke, Daphne Pollard, Phyllis Bedells, Etc. Ger. 650.

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"SMILE!"
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£1,000 if such holder shall be fatally injured by an accident in any part of the world to a passenger steamship in which such holder is at the time of such injury travelling as a fare-paying passenger;
Or will pay to such holder should such accident cause non-fatal injury to such holder

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Captain Bruce Bairnsfather
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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

enforced after the war." It must be some little comfort to the Liberians, however, to know that they still have a breathing space before the blow of the avenger of *lèse-majesté* descends upon them, and that it is not inconceivable that "after the war" there may be difficulties in the way of Germany carrying her threats into execution, for you can't walk all the way from Berlin to the West Coast of Africa.

Photograph *Yevonde*

CAPTAIN THE EARL OF AIRLIE AND LADY BRIDGET COKE

Whose engagement was announced last week. Lady Bridget is the younger daughter of the Earl of Leicester, and has been working with the Y.M.C.A. in France

Dope

IT was the Bellman, wasn't it, who insisted that what he told them three times was true. It ought to have been the Baker—or his protectors, the scientific experts, who keep on every day explaining to us how pleasant to the taste and how good for our digestions is the war-bread provided for us by a paternal Government. Leaden in colour and leaden in weight, we know it possesses neither of the merits which the experts assign to it. Nor, considering what the flour is made of, is it very likely to do so. I suppose we must eat it, but I resolutely decline to grin about it, or to believe the bread expert any more than the expert authority who issued a solemn notice to say that the raiders on July 7 were never less than 12,500 feet up or flying at less than 70-80 miles an hour. What possible end is served by this sort of "dope"?

Photograph *Walter Barnett*

GENERAL SIR E. H. H. ALLENBY

Who has taken over the chief command of the Egyptian Expeditionary Force

The Wilson Way

PRESIDENT WILSON has evidently studied his Shakespeare to some advantage, and taken to heart Polonius's counsel:

> . . . Beware
> Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,
> Bear 't that the opposed may beware of thee.

Besides drafting the entire National Guard into the U.S. Army and calling it out for active service, and beginning at once to take drafts from his 9½ millions of registered men, and getting on with his programme of building 22,000 aeroplanes, President Wilson has taken the step we ought long ago to have taken ourselves, and forbidden the export of grain, meat, fat, coal, coke, oils, fertilisers, iron, steel, arms, and munitions except under Government licence. All these things Germany has been importing through neutral countries ever since the war began. And it doesn't take a man with three eyes to see that the time will not be long in coming before neutral countries will be obliged, for their own sakes, to stop acting as a conduit for Germany. It has been a merry and profitable game while it lasted—and it has lasted much too long. But President Wilson's action should see the end of it.

An Unknown Satirist

THE National Service Bureau, butt alternatively of vilification and sneers, has thoroughly and completely justified its existence. It has produced the one true satirist of the war. Not even Belloc or Chesterton could have perpetrated a more delicately pointed comment on the entire uselessness of the House of Commons than the unknown genius who "called up" the Speaker to take on "work of greater national importance" than that of presiding over its deliberations at thirty shillings a week and five shillings war-bonus in a munition works! To characterise this effort as "an unfortunate clerical error" is just what might have been expected from a soulless subordinate. We never did encourage genius in this country, did we?

Beautiful Brides for War-Time Weddings

VISCOUNTESS INGESTRE

Whose engagement to Mr. Richard Pennoyer, Second Secretary to the American Embassy, has lately been announced

Photographs by Lallie Charles and Swaine

LADY BERYL STANHOPE

Who is engaged to be married to Lieut. Gilbert, R.N. She is the only daughter of the Earl of Clancarty, and widow of the Hon. Richard Stanhope, who was killed in action last year

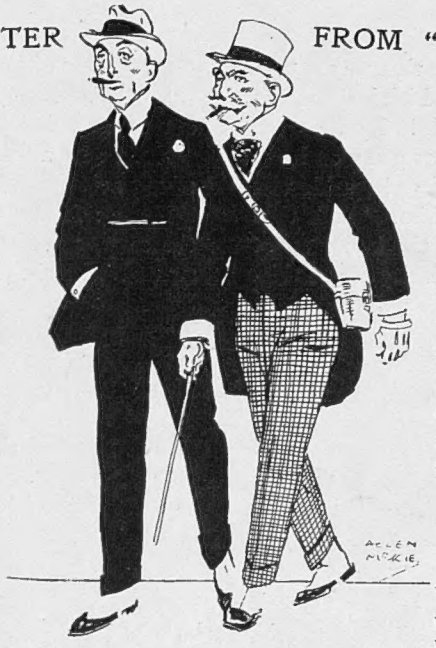
"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE"

LONDON, *July* 16, 1917.

DEAR COUSIN—

As that amazingly audacious flotilla of great German aeroplanes spread themselves over London the other day one felt—perhaps for the first time, properly—that now we really and truly are, as Mr. Henry James would have said, horribly at war. The things that happen abroad, you see—well, after all, they are abroad, and distance dulls and dims them. Between us and them roll the waves that Britain rules, or used to, anyway. We see the results of war, but we don't see the battle, there is no danger, we don't really know in the least what war is.



"No motor-cars, or 'specials,' or taxis"

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OR didn't, until that dramatically awesome and extraordinarily impudent Saturday morning raid. Which was, you know, marvellous—the sort of sight one had dreamt of in weird nightmares and read of in Wells's books. From where I saw the raid, on a high hill with all London spread below, it seemed suddenly as if a swarm of great bees had clambered into the heavens, for there was no distinguishing between our own and the enemy planes, and the fluffy black puffs of shrapnel smoke merely added to the *mêlée* of strange objects that floated so calmly and menacingly in the summer sky.

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AT first, frankly, it was stupefying. Here was war at our own doors, over our own heads at last, but—*could* this be happening here in our sea-bound, inviolate island, our guarded and well-beloved England, and above all right over the London that is, perhaps, more untouched by war than any other city in Europe? And then, after the first shock, it was quite tremendously exciting. Nerves were strung to concert pitch. One just waited—for the worst, or, with luck, the best.

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FOR there's nothing to do in an air-raid but to take shelter (wisely) or watch (unwisely). As the aeroplanes were not actually overhead, I chose unwisdom for my course. After all, one can but die once, "death has but his hour," and one would rather die, if one must, in war than otherwise; and it really looked, you know, as if one might as well take risks, chances of a long life *or* a merry one being as near *nil* as they'd ever been, though, in the end, the wonder was that such a force had achieved so comparatively little.

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IN fact, I've heard it more than once suggested that on this occasion, anyway, the enemy came more to swank and to impress than to murder; and as far as the swank went—well, he accomplished his purpose. That was another of one's impressions—the cheek, the cool impudence of the creature. We at his mercy, he slowly and majestically sailing over us, refraining from an orgy of slaughter, but intimating plainly that he could an' he would, and that Archies and so forth didn't worry *him* much. For the rest, in a way it rather pleases me that at last we, too, over here, are leading days of danger; but "over there" the newest German warfare is far from popular.

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"OH, to be in London again!" writes one soldier man; "but these raids, you know, have upset us badly. We shall get our own back some day, but that, I'm afraid, won't heal the wounds in the aching hearts of the bereaved. I think yours would ache if you could see the desolation caused by war, and you'd have been prouder of the boys than ever if you could have seen them last winter—the way they overcame everything under the worst possible conditions. Believe me, there are not enough V.C.'s and things for all those who have earned them."

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AND so say all of us. Indeed, *my* only trouble is that I'm afraid I say it too often, and soon shall get hauled over the coals like the people St. Luke strafed for using vain repetitions. However, one can't, in my opinion, ever have too much of a good thing, and it's an exploded fallacy, of course, the one about it being only women who always want to be *told* that people love them. "I think you must have mentioned nearly every formation in the B.E.F.,"

(*Continued on page 114*)

"Translating in a good French"

says a gunner major man" (certainly the gunners haven't been left out), "but you've left *us* out—the Army Field Artillery Brigades, or the travelling circus, as they've been misnamed.

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"OF course, it goes without saying that we are IT—and what would have happened in all the recent stunts without us I shudder to think! By the way, what of this? One of our officers was going on leave to Paris the other day, and his wife, he said, was coming over from England to meet him. 'Isn't that rather coals to Newcastle?' asked the bad man of the mess. If you'll forgive my audacity in writing, Blanche, perhaps, you'll send along a few well-chosen words of advice on the subject."

卐 卐

THE audacity's forgiven, of course, but as to the advice—well, you know, I'm afraid it's hardly my *subject*, somehow, this coals to Newcastle one, I mean. Wives, I think, should adorn their place, and that place, perhaps, is hardly Paris in war-time; but I don't want this to be taken as an encouragement to husbands *not* to take coals to Newcastle. As they say in the new revue at the Palace: "You know what men are. Give him an inch and he takes a week-end."

卐 卐

BUT to continue my tales of woe from the trenches. "We're not grumbling, Blanche, nor do we wish to blow our own trumpet," pathetically writes a trench mortar officer, "but—well, you mention Scotties, and F.O.O.'s and airmen and all the rest of 'em, but never, never a word of our Tock Emmas. In very truth they get some hard knocks. The infantry loveth them not and the artillery looketh down upon them, so please write and cheer us up."

"His wife is going over to meet him"

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AND by way of making sure that never, never again can I forget the T.M.'s, this same young feller "knowing what a great interest you take in P.D.S.'s (poor deluded subs. For your information and necessary action, please)," sends me "a valuable little trinket, which arrived in our rations to-night, as a slight token of gratitude for your delightful letters." The trinket is—what d'you think? Nothing more or less than a *whole lump of sugar!* Isn't it *frightfully* sweet of him? It seems positively *years* since I even *saw* a great big round square piece like it. I'm told even duchesses have them halved and quartered, and at the smartest clubs and places your sugar portion is fairly lost in the tiny frilled *marrons glacés* paper it's gingerly served up in—so that it shouldn't be blown away in the draught, I suppose.

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TALKING of food, "What, dear lady," asks another "War Loan," "*what* thinkest thou of some of our newer subalterns?"

No. 1: IN A CERTAIN CINEMA.—Two young officers eating acid-drops out of a bag. No, they were alone.

No. 2: IN A CERTAIN MESS.—Young officer, after the soup, produces cigarette and lights it. Remonstrated with he extinguishes same, places carefully behind left ear. . . . and continues his repast.

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THE next instance is, perhaps, less a *faux pas* than a slightly too devoted adherence to the precepts of Baby Week:

No. 3: ON THE LEES AT FOLKESTONE.—Officer with wife, one, he pushing pram. In pram twins, two.

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BUT, after all, in democratic days—well, we've got to be democratic, haven't we, and grin and bear it? There's worse to come; and, come to think of it, when the business in hand is merely killing Germans it doesn't really much matter if you *haven't* got the Guards' manner. All the same, there *are* limits, and little details like whether you eat your winkles with a pin or not have more to do with discipline than some people think.

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APROPOS, it's interesting to hear of the absolutely perfect turn-out of the German officer in action. When he gets captured—*not* in the front line—he's never been known to be anything but faultlessly groomed, clean shaven, not a crease in his high-collared, tightly fitting tunic, not a speck on his buttons or accoutrements. With arrogance unfaltering and undimmed to match. It would seem that even the war has failed to change the character of that altogether uniquely heaven-born institution, the German officer-class.

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I AM extremely flattered, by the way, to hear from one who's been serving with the French Red Cross that some of the French soldiers who were being taught English always insisted on doing their translations from the Letters of Blanche. "I offered them various other forms of literature, but they always asked for Blanche, and since I came home I send you out to them

(*Continued on page 116*)

All the Fun of the Fair

The Annual Theatrical Garden Party came off last Tuesday in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea; and though it was not so largely attended as usual, provided plenty of entertainment for those who were present. The fight between Mr. Nelson Keys and Mr. Leslie Henson, pictured by Miss McKie, was by far the most amusing episode of the afternoon; but the village fair, the sports enclosure, and the "Limehouse Lounge" also attracted much attention

"IN ENGLAND—NOW!" (concluded)

regularly. Here's a small selection from what they say :—

"*A mes moments de loisir je m'appliquerai à traduire les intéressantes* 'Letters from Blanche.' . . . We have much work to translate in a good French all wat (*sic*) Blanche is saying, as we find her English very difficult, but she is so *amusante*. . . . *Ce n'est pas la peine de m'envoyer le——ou le——je ne veux pas lire aucuns articles sauf Les Lettres de Blanche.*"

卐 卐

SOME of *the* very nicest compliments I've received for a long time! Dear me, it's extraordinary, isn't it, how nice soldiermen are? Somehow I'd never hoped to reach the hearts, much less the copybooks, of the gay and gallant *poilus* who've borne so wonderfully some of the heaviest burdens of this long nightmare of war. So it's an extra special pleasure to discover that I've met them, if only on paper, and perhaps even unwittingly helped just a little bit towards the riveting of that *entente cordiale* which gets solider and more real every day. Here's my love and my thanks to them, and the very best of luck, and may *la belle France* soon, very soon, be her own beautiful self again.

卐 卐

IN England now to get the harvest in they're clamouring urgently for another thousand women. Don't know if they've got them yet, but they certainly *wouldn't* have if they'd asked a fortnight ago—when, in massed battalions, they stormed the summer sales. Really one of the most depressing war-pictures yet, didn't you think, that one of hundreds of unemployed females waiting outside a shop all night ready for a morning rush on the bargains? But perhaps it was even worse when another swaying mass, in its war-time ardour for dress-economy, surged wildly on, gloriously oblivious of mere doors—and pushed its way blindly through two great plate-glass windows. Really, sometimes I despair of women. Their entire lack of imagination is altogether *too* animal, and well may the soldier-poet ask :

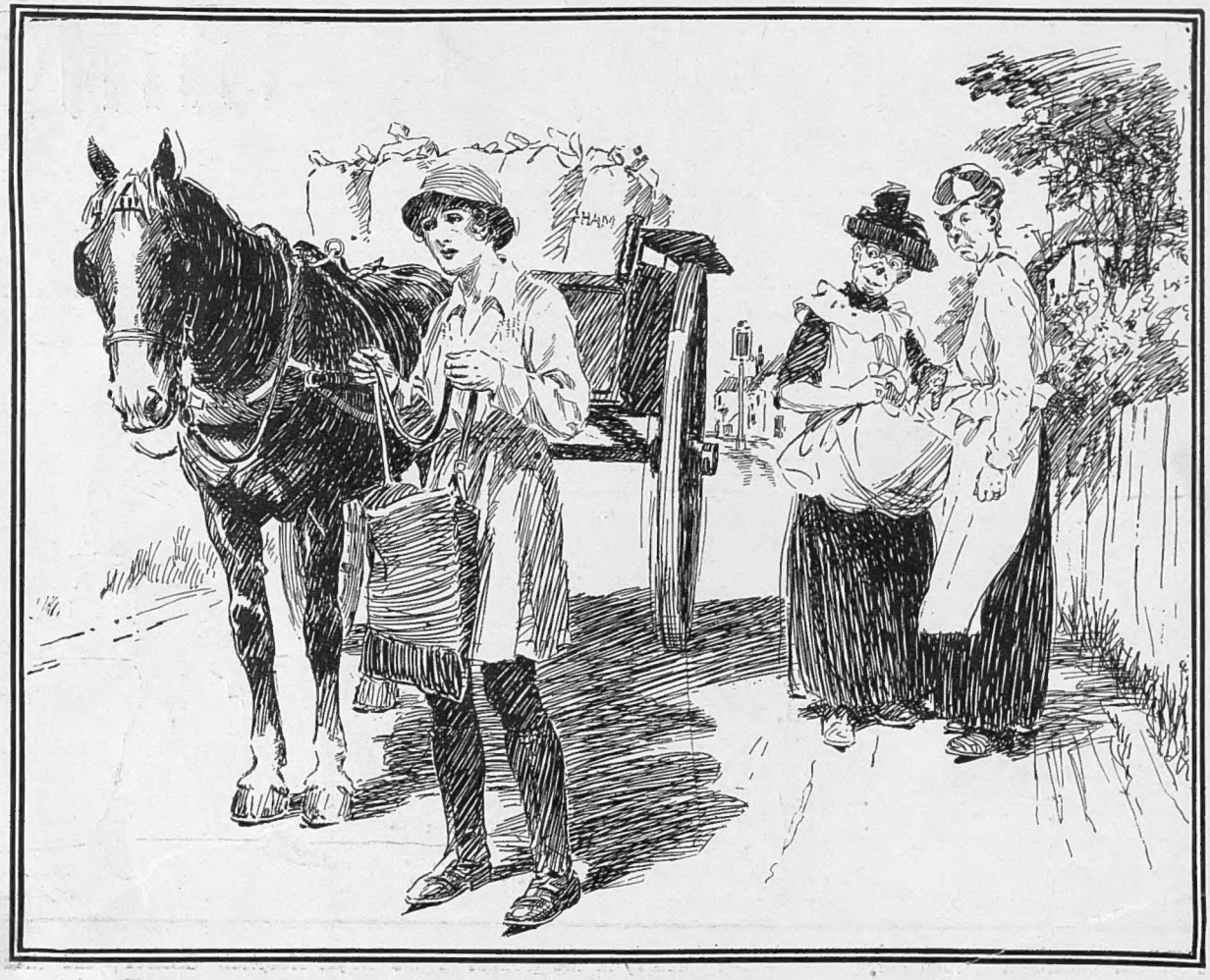
> If we return, will England be
> Just England still to you and me?
> The place where we must earn our bread?
> We who have walked among the dead,
> And watched the smile of agony

卐 卐

THE event of this week is racing again at Newmarket. Not quite racing as usual, certainly, with no "specials" or motor-cars or taxis to get you to it, but better than nothing, I suppose, for the enthusiasts, and, after all, as long as there's still *betting* what does *anything* matter? They've stopped it in Canada, I see, for the duration and six months after, but nobody's even ventured to suggest that we should do the same here—horse-breeding in England would go to the dogs straightaway, wouldn't it, if we didn't have our little bit on?

With love, yours ever,

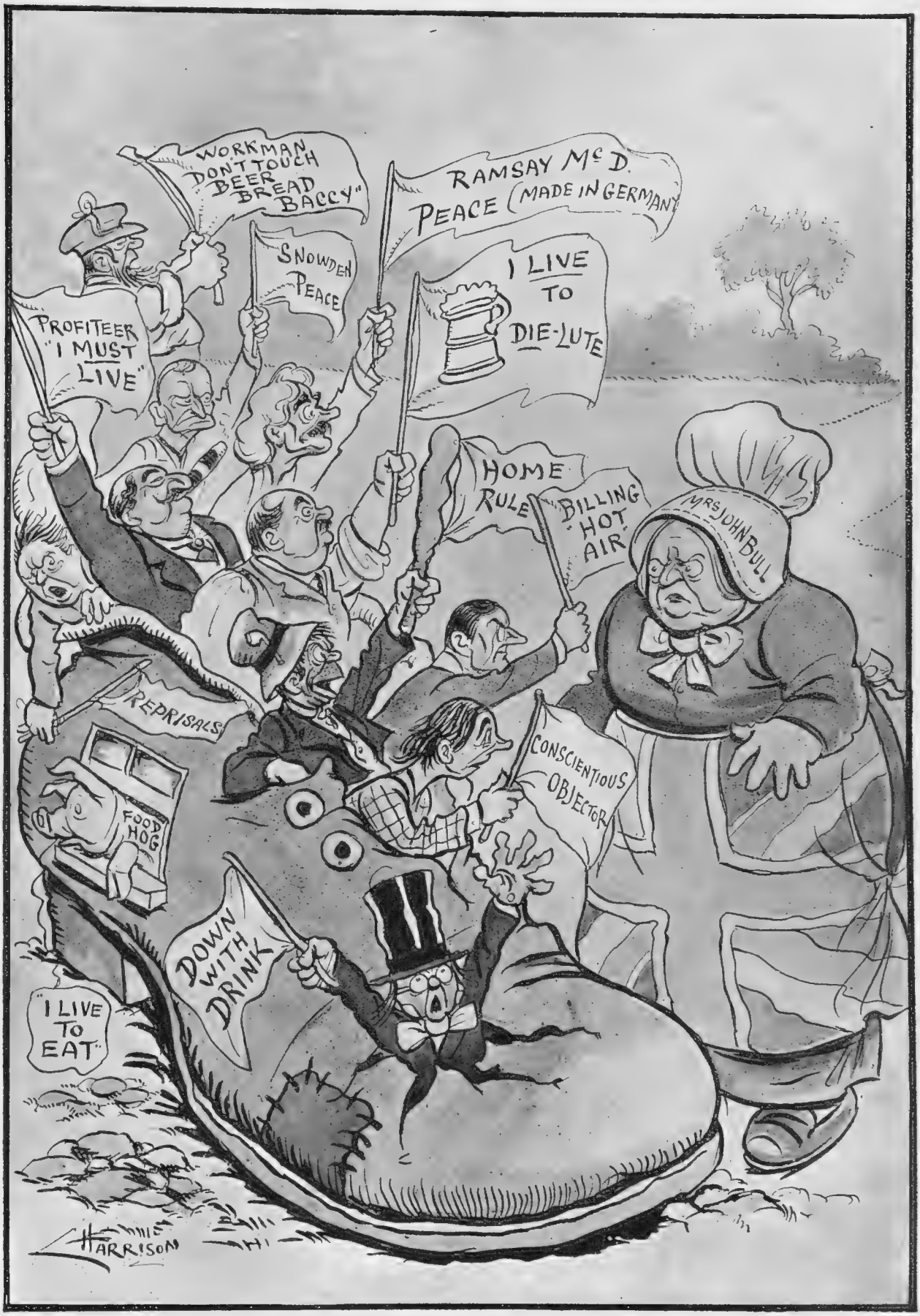
BLANCHE



UNNECESSARY

ONLOOKER: "Well, I 'as to work, but I can say I don't get meself up like a fright!"

A Nursery Rhyme Adapted to the Time



There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
With her troublesome children she didn't know what to do;
She should strip them, and whip them—not give them their head!
And require of Lord Rhondda to see they are fed—

(*on war-bread and water*)

PRIVATE: "This tea has a very funny taste, corporal!"
CORPORAL: "Funny, is it? Well, why don't yer larf?"

"Somewhere in Flanders"

LIVER

My Dear Bystander—

There are moments in our lives, usually after a heavy evening meal, when we reflect bitterly on the shortsightedness of youthful days which prevented us from embarking on the career which time has shown to be the only one that really matters.

⁂ ⁂

How often have I not waked in the night and cried aloud that Heaven may strafe the pastors and the masters who so miserably failed to bring me up as a glazier. And not only did I fail to embark upon a glaziering career, but I did not even spend any portion of my life as a reporter on a halfpenny paper. Such lack of foresight seems well-nigh incredible! How was it, I ask, that not a single one of my mentors foresaw that a day would dawn when I should be obliged to rush about the country interviewing the unhappy civilians whom the Huns think fit at regular intervals to repatriate in batches to this side of the lines, with the laudable object of extracting useful military information? Had I had but an inkling of the fate reserved for me I would have strained every nerve to have obtained a job on the staff of some chatty periodical and so, to-day, be rich in the qualifications which are at present denied me.

⁂ ⁂

You cannot do things well without experience. Unless you have been accustomed to putting terse leading questions to short-tempered financial magnates and overworked company promoters you cannot hope to interview with advantage an elderly gentleman (they are always on the shady side of sixty) who has worn through a pair of trousers in a third-class railway carriage from Switzerland travelling at a mean velocity of six miles per hour on a sandwich and a cup of coffee. He will take an instinctive dislike to you from the start. He will suspect that you have come to tell him that his papers are not in order, and that he will have to begin packing up his bag again. And though with tears in your eyes you may entreat him to let you tell him how much you love him he will drown your agonised protests in a perfect paroxysm of sorrowful objurgations to the accompaniment of despairing gestures addressed to the heavens above, and, before his voice breaks entirely, will command you sternly never to darken his doors again.

⁂ ⁂

I am told that the up-to-date reporter in business hours is always careful to hold a notebook behind his back into which he makes his shorthand entries, his victim remaining blissfully unconscious that the pearls which pour in such profusion from his lips are being recorded for posterity. I have tried this myself (with the exception of the shorthand), but it was not a success, the man I was interviewing being haunted with the suspicion that I was surreptitiously trying to help myself from a box of cigars on the table behind me. I found him restless and pre-occupied, and after a few minutes of awkward conversation I left the house never to cross the portals again.

But I am not really disheartened; I am going to take a little liver pill to-night!

Yours ever,

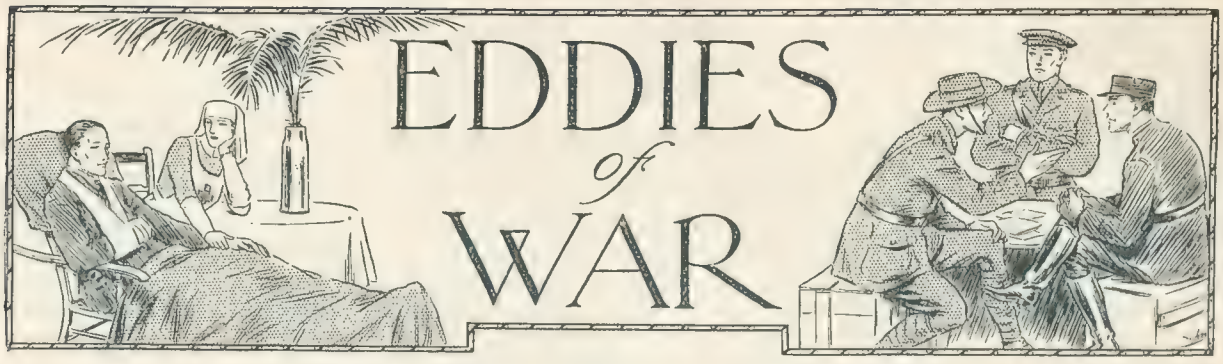
Jack Johnson

"Then out strode bold Ol'Billius,
And Bertus, out strode he . . ."

PASSED BY CENSOR

War is an ugly business, but it wouldn't look half so bad if only we took a few tips from the ancients as regards costume

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER



"THAT OTHER GAME." BY DELL LEIGH

JOHN FORBES had been superlatively good at games all his life. Apart from his *dilettante* business in the City he still kept them up, and in spite of his forty-seven years could win money at most games indoors or out. That was one reason why they chose him. He was always pretty fit and very active. I doubt if he knew what fear was, had extraordinary staying power, and was a rapid thinker. They had sent for him to do a certain job. It had been broached tentatively to him the night before at a dinner-party by an astute diplomatist. Forbes had shown the requisite interest—but the story is best told in his own words, as he told it me last night at the Pioneers Club, over one of the Pioneers' perfect cigars. ". . . So next morning I got a note from Lord ——, very stiff and formal, and went to see him. He said: 'We want you to take a hand in that other game, Mr. Forbes, which you haven't played hitherto; but it has all the elements of sport, to which you are so accustomed; it needs good physical condition, which I hear you enjoy, and, above all, it needs resource and a shut mouth, both of which attributes I am told you also possess. We can't send one of our regular men because they are fully employed—elsewhere. Moreover, they would be seen at once, and enemy agents would never let them come back.' Then the old dog unfolded the plan. Of course, I can't give you details as I am on my honour to 'forget' them. Nor can I give you the country to which he sent me. All you need know is that the country is a friendly neutral. It seemed there was some devilish German influence at work there which threatened to uproot carefully sown British seed. My mission was to go and collect details as to the growth and vigour of this German weed and to bring back an exact memory-photo. of the men who were, so to speak, watering the plant. Lord —— told me much that enthralled me, much also that made me hot with rage at their devilish practices, and a certain amount about the 'grave risk' I ran. He ended by informing me that if I bungled, or was caught, I must expect no sympathy or assistance whatever from home. I was also given a name, was told to sew the new initials on my linen, was handed all the necessary papers, and the old gentleman's blessing. A boat sailed the next evening. I was supposed to be a pharmaceutical expert, going over to obtain specimens of a new wild flower of theirs, whose pollen gave off certain properties which chemists were much interested in as a cheaper ingredient of chloroform! I accordingly mugged up the elements of the subject of anæsthetics, "fusion and analyses of cultures," "iodyde substances producing aseptic conditions," and all the rest of it (Lor', what a sweat that was!) until I very nearly lost the boat-train. My job took me inland a long way, for it seemed these German devils were working unobtrusively from the background of villages well into the interior—just like 'em. The job wasn't particularly difficult and the whole stunt seemed to me hideously dull. I found out all I wanted, and a good deal more; the Hun is very obvious in his methods when he thinks you aren't looking. Then I started back home. . . ."

❀ ❀

HERE Forbes paused, and became suddenly occupied with the leaf of his cigar. He was pulling himself up mentally from the edge of over-speech. I waited.

"It was three days' journey to the coast," he went on, "and on the second day I suddenly became aware of a travelling companion. Hadn't noticed him before; evidently a commercial man of sorts, selling something. He was interested in me, however—too much so. Tried to talk, but I shut him up. He haunted my hotel, and my carriage. Came down to meals when I did, went to bed after me, and was up before me; saw too much of me altogether. I didn't like the look of it Of course, I had got nothing written down, not likely; and he could search my suit-case to his heart's content; probably did. Damn me if the feller didn't get on the boat with me, and chose a deck-chair close to mine. That settled it. I went up on to the bridge and saw the captain. Asked him if he was going to be late. He said, 'Yes, about forty minutes.' Right. I slipped on shore from the starboard side; the other feller was sitting to port. Flew to the station, took the first train to nowhere; changed at a junction. doubled back across country south-east, and eventually arrived at ——, the other port you know, a hundred odd miles down the coast. Found another boat going that night; took it, and finally got home, badly scared." The man whom I have never seen scared lit another cigar. "Eventually I went to my first boat's port of arrival in search of my bag. It was still on board. A deckhand said the skipper wanted me in his cabin; they were still unloading cargo. When he saw me he grinned broadly.

"'You're a clever one, you are,' he said in his curious English. I asked why. He told me.

"It appeared that directly he got outside the three-mile limit he was stopped by a German U-boat. They hailed him and came aboard. Then they asked for me *by name*—both names, Forbes and the other one. Having no luck they clambered overside, snarling. The old skipper was still wondering why they didn't sink him? I told him it was because he had a friend of mine sitting on the port side!

"But, of course, he didn't understand. How should he?"

The NAVY IN THE MAKING

A group of cadets resting after a morning in the Sandquay workshops

Photographs *Sport and General*

Dartmouth, though the days of the old "Britannia" are gone, is still the nursery of the Navy. A happy two years for the cadets coming on there from Osborne in peace-time; in war-time a more strenuous preparation for the responsibility of being in command of men—a responsibility that soon gives a tight-lipped firmness to these smiling faces

The Bystander in Paris

"L'HEURE DE L'APÉRITIF"

CAFÉ GAULOIS, *July.*

MONSIEUR ET CHER ALLIÉ—

THIS evening, on opening the *Temps*, of which the two interior pages were entirely devoted to the speech delivered by M. Alfred Capus on the occasion of his reception by the Academy and the reply of M. Maurice Donnay, M. Georges, who is not often moved to rhetoric, could not refrain from pronouncing a "toast," which we all agreed did honour to the literary traditions of the Café Gaulois. I will repeat his words for the benefit of monsieur, who appreciates our national eloquence.

❀

"*Vive la France!* Yes, messieurs, even if this war should last longer than the Siege of Troy, if it should outlast this century, and be still raging when the last volume of our National Dictionary has appeared, we have nothing to fear! Though all the nations of the world should perish, ours will survive! The last men on the ravaged globe will be forty Frenchmen, whom nothing can harm, for they are immortal! And to whom, messieurs, does the French race owe this incomparable and unique gift of immortality for forty of her sons at a time—to whom but the Great Cardinal? For was it not he who, with wise prevision of the future, bequeathed to his compatriots the faculty of living eternally? Messieurs, I raise my *bock* to the shade of Richelieu, to the Forty Eternal Gentlemen, who in Mazarin's hoary palace labour and travail at their perennial task of compiling our Great Dictionary, and to the youngest and most Parisian of their immortal number, our sympathetic *confrère* who directs the *Figaro!*"

"Madame l'Académicienne"

❀

M. ARISTIDE, who, like M. Georges, is an ardent Feminist, after we had all drunk the health of M. Capus, called our attention to the fact that very likely this was the last "Stag Party" at the Institute, and assured us that he had inside information that the day was approaching when we should hear *Madame l'Académicienne* deliver her inaugural discourse under the sacred cupola across the Pont-des-Arts. Frédéric for one is not disinclined to believe it, for since the feminine invasion of our Government *bureaux* and municipal administrations, who can doubt but that we shall follow the example of the great sister Republic across the Atlantic and elect our lady-deputies? And once the Palais-Bourbon has opened its doors to the *citoyenne*, can the Palais-Mazarin continue to close its venerable portals against the fair candidates? The only difficulty, as Mr. Georges remarked, would be how to address the *Académicienne*, for the consecrated style of *cher maître* would, in its feminine form, possibly seem not quite apropos!

❀

BUT if the prospect of this innovation fills the hearts of our *élégantes* with joy, there is another one which inspires them with legitimate apprehension. Has monsieur heard of the *chaussure*

(*Continued on page 124*)

"Coiffée à la Teddy"

"That Leave!"

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE SHATTERED DREAM

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)

nationale? If not, I must inform him that there is a rumour that the powers that be are mobilising innumerable pairs of shoe-leather, which are shortly to be launched on us "civils" to imprison our feet in their regulation shape and dimension. This, ostensibly, to prevent us from having to go barefoot when the leather gives out or when we are no longer able to foot the shoemaker's bill. The form and aspect of the *chaussure nationale* are still kept ominously secret, and we are only told that they will be "cheap"! So conjecture and wild surmise are rife!

"The humiliated fares and the triumphant cocher"

❋

BUT forewarned is forearmed, and our *élégantes* are looking ahead, as M. Georges' *marraine* (*Madame de Maintenant* we call her!) told us this evening. Even, she said, if the *Parisienne* has to submit to this disciplinary control of her "footing" (to use a local Anglicism) we may be assured she will find the means of not sinning against the sacred three commandments of her caste: *Bien coiffée, bien gantée, bien bottée!* So she is beginning with the first in prevision of the last, and it is once more America who has come to the rescue by supplying her with just the model of hat which can hold its own with any *chaussure*, however nationalised! *Coiffée à la Teddy* will be the *dernier cri!*

❋

AND truly, monsieur, a head-dress and a footgear which "fear nothing," as we say, will be a providential innovation, for then at last our fair citizenesses will be able to shake off the tyrannous yoke of the urban jehu, who since the war has tripled his profits (does he not boast that 50 francs a day are meagre earnings?) and has the Battle of the Marne added to his prestige, so he is more than ever the lord of the thoroughfare. Ah, how many scenes of pathos Frédéric has witnessed during the last few days when the pavements were suddenly inundated by inclement skies! How many heart-rending dialogues between dainty persons seeking shelter under the protecting awning of the Café Gaulois and the pitiless taxi-driver! And how the blood of Frédéric boiled to see the inevitable *dénouement* of the humiliated fare and the triumphant *cocher!*

❋

Vive Monsieur Hudelo, our new Police Prefect! He is the right man in the right place. *He* is not afraid of our local tyrant! To begin with, he orders him to hoist a funereal flag to warn the public when his petrol has expired and prevent him from using this as a pretext to refuse customers who have the pretention of residing outside of his preferred route, and then when the taxis organise an unofficial strike by going off duty just when they are most needed in the evening, he bravely orders the Underground Railway to work overtime every night of the week instead of only three times. As one of our American clients remarked, when he heard of it: "Though your patronymic sounds like a Tyrolese jodler call, you're *all right*, Mister Hudelo!"

"La Chaussure Nationale"

❋

Voilà! It is striking seven—our new "hour of the *apéritif*," since the latest Ministerial decree forbids the serving of alcoholic beverages except at meal hours; but monsieur knows us too well to suppose restricting the hour means curtailing (much less abolishing!) the national habit, and he will not be surprised when I tell him that *ces messieurs* have begun rapping on the tables and clamouring for their libations even before the clock has finished striking!

"*Plus ça change et plus ça si ressemble!*"

À bientôt, monsieur!

FRÉDÉRIC

NEW SERIES

Army Instructions Bystandardised—No. 3

Water fit to drink of course is
Only drawn from proper sources.

PASSED BY CENSOR

"'E's a sport all right; that's the third time this week 'e's said, 'You boys is tired, I'll draw the water'"

Why

A FLAG-DAY FOR THE

Not?

NEEDY PROFESSIONAL

Shrapnel Pars

THE supply of shoe-leather in Germany, it is said, will be completely exhausted by next winter. How long after that will it take the Huns to realise that they are engaged in a bootless struggle?

"TO Londoners," protested an indignant writer on the big air-raid, "the presence of these enemy aeroplanes right over their heads suggested humiliation." Well, to a good many of them it certainly suggested a-basement.

VALUABLE light on the "reprisals" controversy comes from Merrie Islington, whose Council boldly demands "all possible reprisals consistent with civilised warfare." And now you understand, of course, exactly what Islington wants done about it!

MORNING service at St. Paul's was continued without interruption all through the air-raid, in spite of falling bombs quite near the building. This was the more praiseworthy because, as we understand, only one of the Cathedral's minor canons was in action on the occasion.

"ONLY six out of 440 solicitors who offered for National Service," we read, "were given work." Our only wonder is that the other 434 didn't sue St. Ermin's for six-and-eightpence apiece for their letters of application.

MR. BONAR LAW doesn't surprise us a bit by his confession that he never does any work for himself that he can get done for him. We should be like that ourselves if we held his shipping shares.

THE children of a country school have killed 20,000 flies in one week. This lack of love for the infant's enemy, we are afraid, will very much distress the dear Archbishop.

LORD RHONDDA will not allow himself to be hurried into premature action. Well, we all know the story of the hare and the turtle, and who got into the soup first, don't we?

"NOT only did we desire the entry of the United States into the war," says Mr. Lloyd George, "but we asked for it." But it was really Germany's "asking for it" that got it, wasn't it?

THE careful Hun is now constructing the wings of his aeroplanes from paper, owing to the lack of textile materials. Using up the scraps, we suppose.

THE enemy air fleet which visited us on Saturday last dropped numerous bombs and five aeroplanes.

WHILE on a visit to Field-Marshal von Hindenburg the Kaiser was photographed with his military chief, though it is not true that the Kaiser while facing the camera told Hindenburg to look pleasant.

LADY RHONDDA'S appeal to people who are not engaged in work to eat nothing on one day a week is bearing fruit. Already several food-hogs have promised not to eat between meals.

PROBABLY the Boches didn't relish Lloyd George's reminder that we have made their army hide. But that, after all, is nothing to the "hiding" we have still in store for them.

VON RAUTENFELS' base act excites
An outraged world's fierce reprobation;
And nerves afresh each Power that fights
To punish such a-bomby-nation!

EVERY RAID HAS A SILVER LINING
THANKFUL SHOPPER: "Ah, well, it's a mercy it wasn't to-morrer!"

THE Swedes are protesting that if any German travellers in bombs come near *their* capital effectual steps will be taken to prevent them getting their stock-home.

IT is now thought likely that the projected Ministry of Health will be set up next year. As we shall by then have suffered a good many more months of "war-bread," the new Department should find plenty of work when it gets going.

"MORE Beer and No Control!" laments a disappointed devotee of State Purchase; but perhaps even this is, on the whole, a lesser evil than the threatened alternative of more control and no beer.

Misunderstandings

OVERHEARD IN FLANDERS

IRISH SERGEANT: "Now then, which of yez tied that horse up loose?"

OFFICER: "Now I hope I shan't see you here again, my man"

BATTALION BLACK SHEEP: "What! You ain't goin' to leave us, are you, sir?"

In Classic Grace

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS HELEN MORRIS

Whose charming photograph appears above, has lately raised £450 for the R.F.C. at Salonica. She is contributing largely by her acting to the success of "London Pride" at Wyndham's Theatre

BY "JINGLE"

Illustrated by Norman Morrow

THIS drama has already become an established success, in spite of the theory that plays dealing with the war are unpopular just now. The scene is the Rock of Gibraltar, and the story is concerned with the enterprising attempt of German spies to blow up a considerable portion of the British Fleet that is riding at anchor in the bay, or something of that sort. The military Governor of Gibraltar, Major-General Sir George Crandall, is not, it is to be hoped, a fair specimen of his kind. He seems so sweet and fresh and green that one could hardly blame the German spies for flattering themselves that they were on a soft thing. The period is the outbreak of the war in 1914, and it is characteristic of the ineptitude that is supposed to be troubling the British Administration on the spot that the only German who is promptly interned is one who does not appear to have enough stamina to be a spy of any kind.

THE first spy we meet is Joseph Almer, the "Swiss" manager of the Hôtel Splendide. In one of his less wary moments he exclaims "*Gott sei danke!*" and that fixes *him*, anyway. This is a part very convincingly played by Mr. Philip Knox. We gather that Almer has in his possession plans of the mine-fields in the neighbourhood, and has access also to the signals that must be given to start an extremely disastrous explosion. He receives information that an envoy from Berlin is about to arrive at Gibraltar disguised as a British officer, and calling himself Captain Woodhouse. As a tribute to the thoroughness of German methods it is explained that there was a real British Captain

(*Continued on page 132*)

"INSIDE THE LINES" AT THE APOLLO (*concluded*)

Woodhouse in Berlin on the outbreak of the war, but the German Foreign Office provided him with a cheap and unostentatious funeral so that his uniform and papers might be placed at the disposal of the spy department. And to think that there are still misguided people who allege that Germany is not a pioneer of civilisation!

✲

From this point onwards the plot thickens in a nicely exciting way. There is Jane Gerson, a sweet American girl who tries to book rooms at the hotel, and who has to confess that she has no passport. When Captain Woodhouse arrives Jane recognises him as a man she had met in Berlin a month previously. This all seems rather suspicious, but Lady Crandall, the Governor's wife, does not notice anything. As soon as she hears of the trouble she invites Jane to come and stay with her and make herself at home. Shortly after that the "Swiss" hotel manager gives Captain Woodhouse the plans that are necessary for the nefarious work in hand, and instructs him, after having committed them to memory, to burn them at once. The Captain, however, does not burn them for the simple reason that if he did so he would spoil the next scene, and that would be a pity.

✲

Then a British secret service man warns the Governor that Captain Woodhouse is not what he appears to be, and the Governor is positively shocked at the unkind suggestion. It is true that war has been declared, but it would look so rude to ask a British officer whether he is a spy or not. All the Governor can do is to ask Captain Woodhouse to tea, and then to order his faithful native servant to go and burgle the Captain's rooms while he is away from home, on the chance of finding evidence that might lead to a conviction, as the lawyers say. After tea the faithful native servant finds Captain Woodhouse alone, and chaffs him lightly on having left in his rooms the incriminating plans. The Captain imagines that his game is up; but as the Governor

— AND THICKENS AND THICKENS

hurries in and asks for a light for his cigar the faithful native servant deftly rolls up the plans and uses them as a spill, and obliges accordingly. We have thus good reason to suspect that the native servant is also a German spy; but it would be too much to expect the Governor of the Rock to possess the rare and refreshing acumen of the man in the street.

✲

In the third act the excitement grows still more intense. The time has arrived for exploding the mines that will blow a considerable section of the British Navy into scrap-iron and leave Germany mistress of the seas, or something of that sort. At four o'clock in the morning the faithful native servant strolls into the Governor's apartments and opens the safe containing the formula for the fireworks. When he is caught at the game he merely turns on his captors with a revolver, and telephones to his partners in crime that, being temporarily occupied with urgent business, he will be glad if they will push the good work along without him. This is quite the most dramatic moment of the play; and the manner in which villainy is vanquished and vice triumphs is something which you will, no doubt, be going to see for yourselves. Other features of the play are the amusing pictures of the straits in which wealthy American tourists find themselves when their letters of credit are no longer realisable owing to the inconsiderate way in which Europe has started a war without giving them time to make their arrangements for getting home. *Inside the Lines* is quite an interesting play, although it does not flatter the intelligence of the average British officer. But the British officer won't worry about that. His record speaks for itself.

JINGLE

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Bracken

BY KATHLEEN A. SIMMONS

"TIRED?"

"Just a little. One isn't any younger on one's silver-wedding day!"

"Well, we're very near the top. Is it to be a rock—or a brackeny bit?"

"One of Donald's brackeny bits, please."

"Come along, then. Here we are. Sit down and rest. That's better, isn't it?"

"Much better."

"No one remembered us to-day."

"No, they were afraid."

"Afraid?"

"Of hurting us."

"Well, we've exchanged greetings and we're keeping the anniversary. I offered you a day in London."

"As if I would! Dear Black Country! How could I harden my heart to you? How clear the Severn looks!"

"Michael's bit of blue ribbon."

"Yes—do you remember his 'poetry'? 'The Severn is blue—the colour that's true!' I can hear him saying it!"

"Was that the last time we came up the Wrekin?"

"The last birthday. We have been sometimes with visitors, when the boys were at school. D'you remember the day on Kinver Edge?"

"When Patrick was seven?"

"Yes—and their game?"

"Game? Which particular one was that?"

"It was his birthday, and a real March day. Donald was the March lion—Michael the lamb—Pat was the wind."

"I remember now. He was always a boisterous little chap."

"He was wind incarnate! No cobwebs lurked where Patrick lived——."

"I wish—I have sometimes wished—I could have gone instead."

"Ah, no, no! Better than ten sons. Always."

"It has been so rough on you. When I think of all those early years! When you taught them manners—how much did you get to eat yourself? When Michael had nightmare—when Donald had croup—how much did you sleep? Sometimes I wonder if I helped you enough?"

"You know you did. And what matter? I'd have gone through it all again if I could. I have thought—and dreamt—and looked forward—wondering, wondering! Would Michael's child inherit his nightmares? Would Donald's boys get croup?"

"You are shivering. Are you cold? Pull up the bracken round your shoulders! We are in autumn now, you know."

"I'm not cold. Bracken! Life robs you, doesn't it? Bracken is what is left. Dead and withered and cold. Till you turn the sun on it."

"The sun?"

"Memory, old dear!"

"Ah, you always did my thinking for me! I'm a slow chap. I made a good bargain."

"And what of my stupidities? How many times have you been to the police station—for my latchkey, for my umbrella? And never a scolding. Don't talk of bargains."

"We'll cry quits then. What other days were there?"

"There was the day we got lost on Cannock Chase. You carried Patrick pick-a-back for miles. The day we went over the Coalport Works—my birthday, that! And the boys pretended they enjoyed china. You all spoilt me!"

"Did we? Not all the time. I seem to remember a day when you explored the dungeons at Dudley Castle, hating the expedition badly. Was that my birthday, I wonder?"

"Not good enough for a birthday. Dudley we kept for Saturdays—like Bridgnorth. Boscobel would be a birthday treat, and Ludlow Castle."

"Wasn't it Donald who said Ludlow Castle was the best of castles?"

"Yes—he said it 'came alive again so quick.' It does, you know."

"I think, on the whole, the old Wrekin comes first!"

"Far and away. . . . Will there be bonfires up here one day, if all goes well, please God?"

"Perhaps. We must look at them, mustn't we? Together——."

"Yes——. No, I'm not going to cry. Not on my silver-wedding day. I wouldn't spoil the day for you."

"Spoil my day? Twenty-five years, and you've never spoilt one minute. How could you?"

"I'm not going to cry. It is just my voice—out of control."

"It always betrays you, doesn't it? You slip into your voice even when you're hiding closest. It took me captive in six words. Remember?"

"Tell me them again."

"'Have I to change at Birmingham?' I changed my carriage pretty quick, didn't I? Left my hockey-stick behind!"

"You won the All England with someone else's stick. Wasn't it a match?"

"And I won you. How long ago it seems! And yet like yesterday."

"If we could have it all over again!"

"That's impossible. No—downhill now, but together all the way. We can't have it again."

"If the boys could have had it!"

"My poor girl! But for the boys, would the Severn be flowing as it flows to-day? Would the Wrekin be standing as it stands to-day?"

"I know—I know! We've always loved our country, haven't we? especially our own corner of it. I'm not going to cry to-day. It would be ungrateful."

"Sit quiet a little while. Don't try to talk. Come nearer. Let me pile up the bracken. That's better. Comfy? How blue the Severn looks!"

KATHLEEN A. SIMMONS

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Defending the Kaiser

BY ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY

THE Kaiser's hold upon his imperial throne has now become precarious. Our French Allies have stated with blunt directness that "the Hohenzollerns must go." We, with our more cautious hesitation to interfere with any nation's choice of its form of Government, do not, of course, go so far as that; but we have to admit that we cannot avoid the impression that Germany would be a more companionable neighbour if she were represented in the Councils of Europe by a less offensive person than the King of Prussia. These rather plain hints that the Kaiser is not necessary to the health of Europe have moved a distinguished German professor to rise in defence of his maligned Emperor.

❋

IT is characteristic of the German professorial methods that the day after this "defence" was published the newspaper in which it appeared was suppressed by the Prussian authorities. When you begin your defence of the accused by loudly deploring the fact that he should be the object of universal detestation, you tacitly admit that you have a very long and devious way to go in the beneficent work of rehabilitating his character.

❋

FOR the defence it is claimed that the Kaiser, a shining example of all the virtues, is the victim of Prussian bureaucracy. His friends are so anxious to retain his love and esteem that they decline to admit that he can make a mistake. A typical instance of the necessity of saving the Kaiser from his friends is, it appears, the now justly celebrated "Kruger Telegram." It will be remembered that at the time of the Jameson Raid the Kaiser butted-in with a telegram of sympathy to the late President Kruger; but the Kaiser, like most mortal men (and I am presumptuous enough to assume that he is mortal) sometimes commits little indiscretions; and, according to the defence, this was one of them.

❋

THE point is, however, that it was a private and personal indiscretion. Chiefs of States have the undoubted right to avail themselves of the international post just as freely as humbler individuals; and the Kaiser must have come to the conclusion that Oom Paul was his natural affinity, and that it was desirable to assure him of the fact at the rate of seven-and-six a word, or thereabouts.

❋

NOTHING would have been heard of the matter if the Kaiser's Ministers had not been even more indiscreet than their Imperial Master. They seized upon a telegram which was a purely private and unofficial greeting between two kindred spirits and issued it to a voracious Press as a view endorsed by the whole German nation. This gave England the impression that Germany was her enemy, and Germany did not want that impression to get abroad for another year or two, anyway. The Kaiser was blamed, whereas it wasn't his fault at all. The Kaiser himself is, in fact, as innocent as a spring chicken.

❋

THE deduction is obvious. Armageddon is really the Kaiser's private war. When he signed the declaration of war with Russia he was merely committing another of his pardonable little indiscretions. It was a personal matter between himself and the Tsar, and ought never to have been allowed to go further. This statement, of course, absolves the Kaiser from all responsibility for the war, and it would clearly not be just to deprive him of his throne merely because he signed a declaration of war that was never really intended for publication but only as a guarantee of good faith.

❋

AT the same time, while the Kaiser's guiltlessness has now been clearly established, the German people can hardly be blamed for wondering if it is worth their while to retain the services of a monarch who is liable at any time to involve them in serious trouble without the slightest intention of doing anything so horrid; and when the Kaiser read this elaborate defence he must have wondered what they would have said about him if they had decided to attack him instead.

SUFFICIENT REASON

ANCIENT: "Be it true, Jarge, as a shell don't never drop twice in the same place?"
RETURNED TOMMY: "Yes, that's true enough."
ANCIENT: "Why be that, Jarge?"
RETURNED TOMMY: "'Cause the same place ain't there no more."

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MUFTI IN WAR-TIME.

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

WITHOUT posing as quixotic, I usually speak and always write the truth. Socially, this original trait may make one unpopular, but commercially it makes one sound.

There will be, in the immediate future, a very considerable shortage of mufti materials. This shortage must of necessity become more acute the longer the war goes on, and will continue so until at least one year after peace is declared.

The cause is obvious. Military requirements have reduced the mufti output of the manufacturers to a minimum. The market prices are at the present moment nearly 100 per cent. more than in pre-war days, and will inevitably continue to increase. The reason Pope & Bradley have not advanced their prices in ratio is because they have anticipated the market and bought largely, and because they have rigidly avoided the odious temptation of war profiteering.

Britain has not yet reached the plight of Germany, necessitating the issue of clothes tickets, but the wise man will anticipate his needs at once, for the six guinea suit may cost him ten guineas before long.

Full mufti list and prices will be sent free on application.

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The Pilgrim's Progress

AT ONE OF THOSE HUGE GOVERNMENT OFFICES

La Croix de Bois. *By Y. E. S.*

Dusk was falling in the square, where the grey clock-tower looks down upon the red-tiled roofs. The flare of the roast chestnut stalls was already challenging the twilight glow, where the massive tower of the cathedral casts its shadow upon the pile of ancient gables in the corner.

The town which boasts these metropolitan symbols is the rendezvous of such of the trench-tired ones as can find an excuse, or a pass, to take them there. The square is the rendezvous of the town, at the hour when cafés and *estaminets* come into their own.

Densmore and I have discovered a café where one can ask for a pot of tea in English, and get a fair imitation of the Irish brew, though 'tis true one pours it from a French coffee-pot. Densmore would walk miles for a genuine cup of tea, or even the hope of it. I am always ready to walk with Densmore, though he vexes me at times with his experiments in French. There is compensation in reminding him of the lunch in ——, when, under the impression that he was ordering roast leg of pork, he treated Hills to a dish of pig's feet.

We were crossing the square toward our café. Footpaths and roadway alike were crowded with the khaki-clad, with French soldiers, and not a few of the women of the town. The *estaminet*, where a notice announces that English beer and stout are sold, was distinguishable afar off by the double queue of Tommies entering and emerging. But English beer and Irish tea have proved themselves in harmony with the gaiety which is as truly French as its light wine and its black coffee. One laughs in a universal language.

At one of the roast chestnut stalls a kilted chap with a Cockney accent was struggling with French — the latter getting the worst of it.

"Combine?"

"*Combien, monsieur?*"

"Wee."

But madame's voluble explanation, including a question as to the quantity required, brought only a "*no compree*" from her customer. Business was at length transacted by the placing of so many sous in the hand of madame, and the transfer of so many chestnuts to the pockets of monsieur.

We were nearing the café of our choice, when a Tommy on a cycle came close to us, pushing a devious way through the groups in the road, and battling with the wind, which was strong. We stood to let him pass, and at the same moment a "G.S." wagon rattled round the corner of the square. The cyclist swerved to avoid the wagon, a gust of wind caught him, he skidded on the greasy *pavé*, and came down with his machine in the mud.

A group of French women made startled exclamations. Densmore picked up the cycle. As he did so I saw tied to the frame a rough wooden cross.

"*La croix de bois.*"

"*La croix. Voilà!*"

The French women saw it also, and murmured a prayer to *le bon Dieu*, as they made the sacred sign.

Densmore asked the man if he was hurt. Seeing that they continued to speak, I moved on a few paces, fearing a crowd. Densmore somehow makes friends with everyone he meets —from a lame dog to a general.

The rider of the cycle looked to the machine, and to its burden, and, satisfied, apparently, that no damage was done, he mounted, and pushed off into the teeth of the wind.

Densmore and I entered the café.

"Did you ask anything?" I said.

"His brother."

Densmore's brevity is sometimes a little aggravating.

"Did you get his name or regiment?"

"No," said Densmore. "What do they matter?"

Photograph *Branger*

A "POP'LAR" FORM OF OBSERVATION-POST WITH THE ITALIAN ARMY

TO-DAY and until 28th inst.

HAMPTONS' July SALE

HOUSEHOLD LINEN

Table Damask.

Damask Napkins, hemmed ready for use, 21 x 21 in. **Reduced from** 12/9 to **9/11** doz

Damask Napkins, hemmed ready for use, various pretty floral designs, also a small spot design, 24 x 24 in.
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No. 180/6. **Real Irish Double Damask Table Cloths,** to seat 4 or 6 persons. A cloth of fine appearance. Size 2 x 2½ yds.
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Irish Linen Hemstitched Tray Cloths, 16 x 24 in. **Reduced from** 3/3 to **1/9** each
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Cotton Sheets, heavy make.

Single bed size. **Reduced from** 13/9 to **10/9** pair
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Double bed size. **Reduced from** 21/9 to **15/9** pair
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Bath Towels, thick and absorbent.
Reduced from 19/9 doz to **6** for **7/11**
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Several lots in various qualities and sizes, clearing as follows:
6 for **10/9** **6** for **13/9** **6** for **16/9**
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For hundreds of other unequalled bargains in Carpets, Furnishing Fabrics, Curtains, Household Linen, China and Glass, Wallpapers, etc., see Hampton's Illustrated Sale Catalogue, sent free.

REMNANT DAY—Saturday, 28th inst. **PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W. 1.**

WALLPAPERS

at less than

HALF-PRICE

For Example:—

Hamptons' "Vanbrugh" Wallpaper, Chintz Colourings on Linen Ground, also subdued Tapestry Colourings on Dark Ground.
Reduced from 3/6 to 1/6
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sufficient for making 1½ gallons Paste **6d.** per packet, manufactured expressly to conform with the Food Controllers' Regulations.

There is Nothing so Choice and Delicate

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AROMATIC TURKISH

Per Packet of Ten
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A PIECE OF THE WRIGHT KIND!

The soldiers of the allied cause demand their (w)rights—a peace of the (w)right kind that offers security and protection to health and happiness.

A really good suggestion to guard against infection.

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4½d. per Tablet.

What The Church Army does:

FOR THE MAN IN TRAINING

Recreation Huts, etc., in all the Training Centres at home and in France.

FOR THE FIGHTING MAN

Many hundreds of Recreation Huts, Tents, and Centres at home, in the shell area on the Western Front, at ports and bases in France, Malta, Egypt, Sinai and Palestine, Macedonia, Mesopotamia, East Africa and India, also a number for men of the Fleets at remote naval bases; Hostels in London for men on leave from the fronts; Kitchen Cars on the Western Front; Parcels for Lonely Men in Trenches.

FOR THE FIGHTING MAN'S WIFE AND LITTLE ONES

Hostels for Wives and Mothers Visiting Camps; Recreation Rooms; Free Treatment at Medical Mission; Holiday Homes; Care of Soldiers' Motherless Children.

FOR THE FIGHTING MAN'S PROVIDER—MUNITIONERS

Canteens in a large number of munition towns; Hostels and Rest Huts for Women Munitioners.

FOR THE PRISONER OF WAR

Parcels of Clothing and Comforts.

FOR THE WOUNDED MAN

Comforts for "Walking Wounded" in Huts, Tents, etc., close to the front; Friends for Wounded in Hospital far from own homes; Escort of Relatives to visit dying men in Hospital in France; Convalescent Homes for Wounded at seaside.

FOR THE DISABLED AND DISCHARGED MAN

Training for Work on Land at extensive Farm in Essex; Hostels for men while learning trade or seeking employment.

THE EXPENSE IS GREAT

Will you help to meet it? We must raise £100,000 within the next

VERY FEW MONTHS.

Cheques crossed "Barclays, a/c Church Army," payable to Prebendary Carlile, D.D., Hon. Chief Secretary, Headquarters, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1.

The War Call of Charity

HOW IT IS BEING ANSWERED

AT THE QUEEN MARY CONVALESCENT HOSPITAL

At Roehampton—a photograph taken on the second anniversary of the opening of the hospital, when various sports were arranged, and Princess Mary attended to give away the prizes

THREE years of war, so far from drying up the fount of Charity, have set it running in an ever-widening stream. As we did last year, so again now we draw the attention of our readers to some, if only a small part, of the good work carried through by various institutions well deserving of support, in full confidence that the appeal they make will not be disregarded.

Serbian Relief Fund

THE heartrending condition of the Serbian prisoners of war emphasises the need for the support of the Serbian Relief Fund which has succeeded in getting into touch with 63,000 Serbian prisoners of war in Germany and Austria-Hungary, to whom they are now sending a ration of food weekly, supplies of underclothing, and a certain quantity of drugs. In addition to the work done abroad, the maintenance and education of 350 Serbian boys in this country has been undertaken. Clothing of all kinds is especially desired, and crutches for the Serbian wounded. Cheques should be addressed to the Earl of Plymouth and parcels to Mrs. Carrington Wilde at the Serbian Relief Fund, 5, Cromwell Road, S.W. 7.

Dr. Barnardo's Homes: A Patriotic Charity

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES have admitted over 4,000 children since war broke out, many of these being the children of our brave soldiers and sailors. Nearly 10,000 Barnardo boys are fighting for the Empire. Seven have gained the Military Medal, three have been mentioned in despatches, eleven have gained commissions, and one has reached the rank of major. Gifts will be welcomed by the Honorary Director, Mr. William Baker, M.A., LL.B., at Headquarters, 18 to 26, Stepney Causeway, London, E. 1.

The Work of the Blue Cross

THE sufferings of animals, especially gun and transport horses, mean additional numbers in the horse hospitals. There are also new expenses caused by the Blue Cross taking the hospitals for war dogs, a new element in war. Contributions may be sent to the President, Lady Smith-Dorrien, at 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

The Rouge Croix Française

BRITAIN, one is glad to think, has been generous in her help to France. Thousands of men and women have gone out from this country, most of them

(Continued on page 144)

"COUNTRYLESS!"

Reproduced from the Exhibition of Serbian War Pictures, by kind permission of Mons. Sampson Tchernoff

THE WAR CALL OF CHARITY (continued)

as volunteers, to help the wounded, the sick, the refugees. Britain is sending countless stores of clothing, medical supplies, and comforts to the French hospitals, for the loss of the chief manufacturing districts has made these things difficult to get at all in France. Those who know this work from the inside will tell you how profoundly touched the French soldier is by this help from the English. He feels that it is real friendship. In spite of the hundred claims at home, we shall all be proud to send something to the London Committee of the French Red Cross at Knightsbridge, which is doing a bigger thing than statesmen often achieve: it is helping to build the future of Western Europe.

Saving the Belgian Children

VERY practical work on behalf of the Belgian children has been accomplished by the Working Men's Belgian Fund, which undertakes to remove children certified by doctors to be in decline, consumptive, or failing health, from Belgium to Holland, where they are properly treated, fed, and cared for. Donations should be addressed to the Hon. Treasurer, Working Men's Belgian Fund, 32, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W. 1

THE VICOMTESSE DE LA PANOUSE
President of the London Committee of the French Red Cross

The Cancer Hospital

THE Cancer Hospital (Free), Fulham Road, London, S.W. 3, was founded for the free treatment of the necessitous poor suffering from cancer, tumours, and allied diseases. There are 127 beds available, of which fifty-four are set aside for those cases which do not permit of operative treatment. A fully equipped electrical department is attached to the hospital, and during the war has done a great national service in restoring many military cases to health. The benefits of the hospital are quite free. For further particulars apply to the Secretary.

The Savoy Prisoners' Fund

WE appeal on behalf of the British heroes who are imprisoned in enemy countries, and have to suffer daily the pangs of hunger. We have had abundant testimony to the fact that but for the parcels of food sent from this country our lads who are prisoners in Germany would soon have to

(Continued on page 156)

Will you help

DR. BARNARDO'S HOMES

Will you send us 2/6 for bread?

The usual ANNUAL APPEAL is made for Half-Crowns to help to pay the Food Bill for our great family of over 7,000 children during these lean months.

The cost of food is constantly increasing.

Last year we received

167,163 Half-Crowns

in memory of the late Dr. Barnardo.

Will you please help us to do more this year, because the need is greater?

4,447 children admitted since war broke out, a large proportion being children of soldiers and sailors.

10,000 Barnardo Boys are fighting for the Empire.

To Men at the Front

It has been suggested that Local French Bank Notes of a few francs, which cannot be cashed after the holders have moved from the district, might be sent to Dr. Barnardo's Homes for the benefit of the children. The Homes are assisting Tommies' Bairns and minding them "Till Daddy comes back from the War." Perhaps Officers and men at the Front could remember that they can benefit Dr. Barnardo's Homes with any old Bank Notes.

Yours faithfully in the service of the children,

WILLIAM BAKER, *Honorary Director.*

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Bill Fund," and crossed (Notes should be Registered).

18 to 26, STEPNEY CAUSEWAY, LONDON, E. 1.

Please mention THE BYSTANDER.

PARCELS OR SEMI-STARVATION!

Were it not for the parcels of food which reach them from home, the British in the German Prisoners' Camps would be in a constant state of semi-starvation. The food provided by the German authorities, besides being always unpalatable, is quite inadequate for their sustenance. These parcels are a vital necessity to our countrymen. Will you not therefore help the

British Prisoners of War Food Parcels and Clothing Fund

(Registered under the War Charities Act, and authorised by the Central Prisoners of War Committee)

to maintain the REGULAR SUPPLY to those prisoners under their care?

FUNDS ARE URGENTLY NEEDED

to meet the increased expenditure owing to the continual rise in the price of all commodities and packing materials.

Donations and Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by

MISS C. KNOWLES, *Hon. Treasurer,*
25, TREVOR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W. 7.

Those desiring to "adopt" a prisoner through the Fund should apply for particulars to the Hon. Secretary.

With Your Cheque or Treasury Note We can Save a Child's Life!

A COMMITTEE in Holland, under the Presidency of H.S.H. Princess A De Ligne, receives from Belgium STARVED, CONSUMPTIVE, RICKETY, BROKEN CHILDREN. Feeds, Houses and Clothes them. They are then returned to Belgium, for funds do not permit more

16,000 CHILDREN ARE STILL WAITING TO BE TAKEN INTO HOLLAND

Donations should be sent, and cheques made payable, to the Hon. Treasurer, "Working Men's Belgian Fund," 32, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1. (Registered War Charities Act, 1916), earmarked for the "Belgian Children's Fund."

Robbed of everything they possessed,

thousands of the Serbian people are in exile. Were it not for the generosity of the British public, through the medium of the Serbian Relief Fund, the condition of large numbers would have been even more pitiable.

Serbian prisoners of war in Germany and Austria-Hungary to the number of over 63,000 have been fed and clothed by the Serbian Relief Fund, which has supplied by far the largest proportion of the money devoted to this purpose.

Right up near the firing line in Macedonia the Fund has a very wide field of activity and maintains a hospital and several centres for the distribution of relief to the refugees from the war zone. In Corsica workshops have been established and native industries encouraged.

The SERBIAN RELIEF FUND

In addition to the work done abroad, the maintenance and education of 330 Serbian boys in this country has been undertaken. These boys are now dispersed all over England and Scotland in different hostels, schools and colleges, and are being trained for a variety of careers and professions.

DONATIONS are urgently needed, also clothing of all kinds (including boots and shoes) for men, women and children. Calico, shirting, serge suiting and blouse lengths are especially desired, and crutches are wanted for the Serbian wounded. Cheques should be addressed to the Earl of Plymouth and parcels to Mrs. Carrington Wilde at the Serbian Relief Fund, 5, Cromwell Road, S.W. 7. (only address).

THE WAR CALL OF CHARITY (concluded)

face absolute starvation. A great work is being done on their behalf by the Royal Savoy Association for the Relief of British Prisoners of War. Over 30,000 parcels have been sent, and more money is urgently needed to carry on the good work. Donations to 25, Trevor Square, S.W. 7

The "Big Drum"

THE "Big Drum" is well-known to many who have been in Malta. For the benefit of those who have never been there we may say that it was one of the best-known public-houses in Malta. It has now been opened by the Church Army as a club for soldiers. This is only one of the dozen or so huts and other institutions which this society has in the island. These, again, form only a small proportion of the whole number of between 800 and 900 which the Church Army has for the benefit of soldiers and sailors at home and in France and Belgium (about 200 of these are so close to the fighting line as to be within range of Hun shells), Macedonia, Mesopotamia, East Egypt, Sinai and Palestine, Africa, and India. It is probably needless to say anything about the infinite boon which all these institutions are to our fighting men in supplying them with "homes from home." The scale on which they are used can be estimated from the fact that for the free stationery supplied in them the Church Army pays upwards of £10,200 a year. They cost a lot of money, but they are worth it, and a great many more are needed at once. The Church Army's address is 55, Bryanston Street, London, W. 1.

THE "BIG DRUM"
The Church Army Soldiers' Club, St. Julian's Bay, Malta. The photograph shows the opening ceremony. Field-Marshal Lord Methuen is seen talking to Surgeon-General Yarr, the Director of Medical Services (Malta)

Polish Victims

TORN by troubles for centuries, Poland's woes have perhaps culminated in this war. For the innumerable victims help is urgently necessary. Sympathisers cannot do better than send their contributions to the Polish Victims Relief Fund, 11, Haymarket, S.W. 1. which sees that the help given actually reaches those for whom it is intended. B.

THE BLUE CROSS FUND.

(Registered under the War Charities Act.)
President—LADY SMITH-DORRIEN. *Chairman*—SIR ERNEST FLOWER.
FOR HORSES IN WAR
AND
BLUE CROSS SERVICE FOR WAR DOGS.

Hon. Treasurer—GEN. SIR LESLIE RUNDLE, G.C.B.
Bankers—London County and Westminster (Sloane Square).
Secretary—ARTHUR J. COKE, 58, Victoria Street, London, S.W. 1.

SEND TO THE

POLISH VICTIMS RELIEF FUND

for a booklet recording its work

in collaboration with the Poles themselves

and keep the stream of

British Generosity to Poland

flowing, if only by a few pence.

The Poles and the Poles only

will benefit by what you give.

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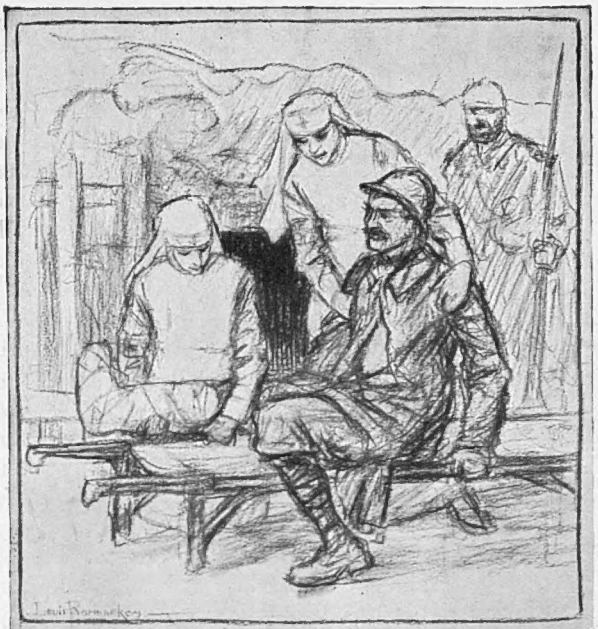

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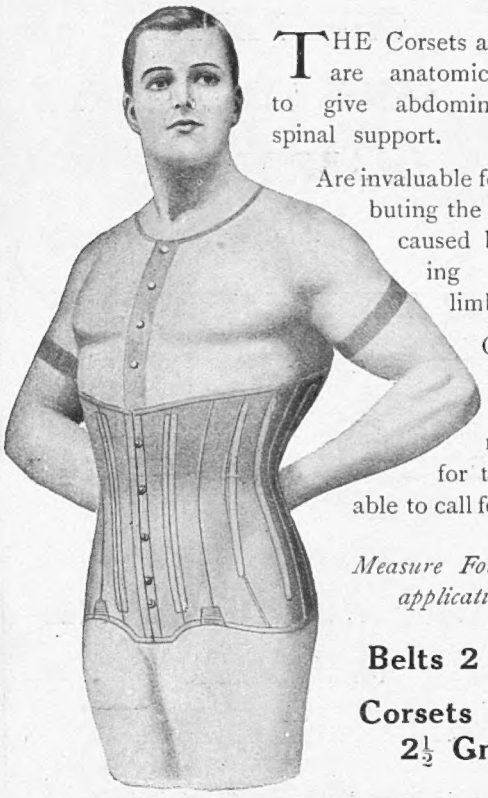

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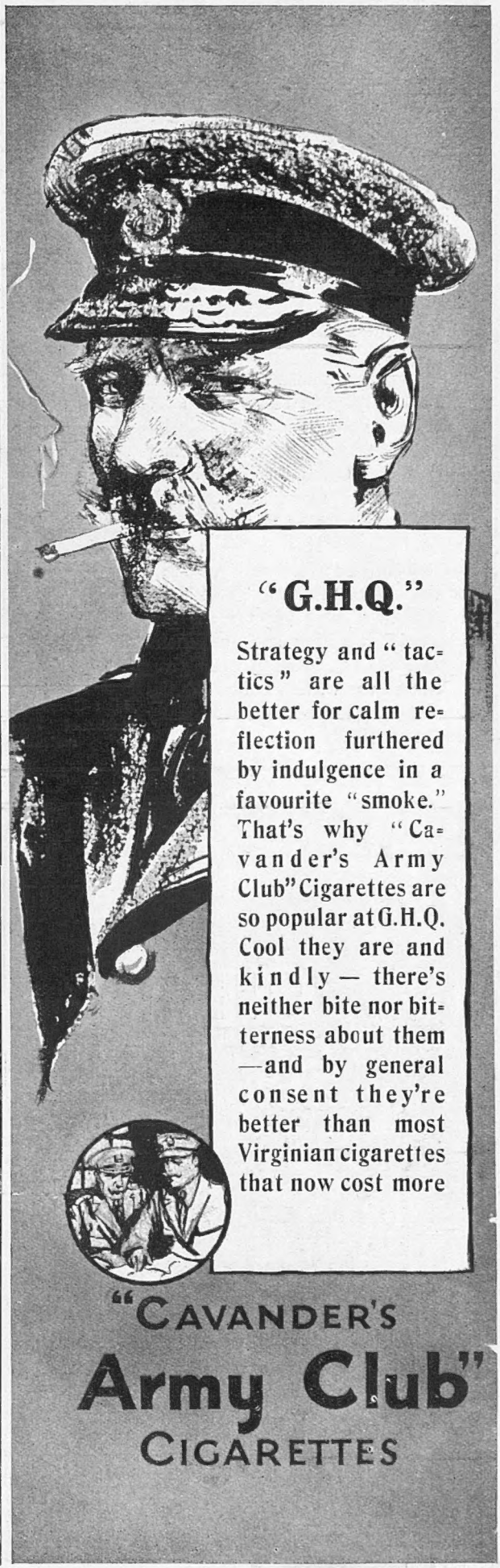

Books *of the* Week

TWO BOOKS ABOUT THE WAR

"L. of C."

WAR books, which still increase mightily, though with more discrimination now than in 1914, tend rather to resemble one another, but Captain J. Agate's *L. of C.* (*Lines of Communication*) (Constable: 6*s.* net) can safely be said to stand quite apart. The book consists of a series of letters written by an officer in the Army Service Corps, and there are many purely military matters discussed in them; but other affairs than the war still interest this officer, who, when he is not weighing bacon or attending to curious corporals, remembers the claims of literature and those hundreds of alluring questions with which the Army has no time (and generally very little inclination) to deal. Captain Agate's letters, indeed, show the nicest literary touch, and if once or twice he is, perhaps, too keenly entrenched, so to speak, against public opinion, his pages will be read with more than usual interest. There is fun and frolic in plenty, but there is also much quiet thinking and a general suggestion of even balance, which gives the idea that the writer's military duties and his literary lucubrations are equally agreeable to him.

Lieut.-Commander W. WHITTALL
Author of "With Botha and Smuts," reviewed on this page

The African Campaigns

The extraordinary difficulties which had to be overcome by General Botha in South-West Africa are made clear enough in a cheery personal narrative just published by Lieut.-Commander W. Whittall, who was in charge of a squadron of armoured cars. *With Botha and Smuts in Africa* (Cassell: 6*s.*) deals, it is true, not only with Botha's campaign, but also with the still unfinished operations on the other side of the continent, but it is probably the author's account of the little war in the South-West which will excite most interest. For here was a campaign neatly rounded off without a costly battle—by sheer good generalship—in the face of almost unsurmountable obstacles. Lieut.-Commander Whittall writes humorously enough of these obstacles, but you realise what he and those with him must have gone through. There were troubles, too, in East Africa, for although here, at any rate, there was water, the water showed the strongest possible desire to convert itself into mud at the earliest moment. The book leaves you with a strong conviction that Africa and motor-cars have not taken much liking for each other. R. S.

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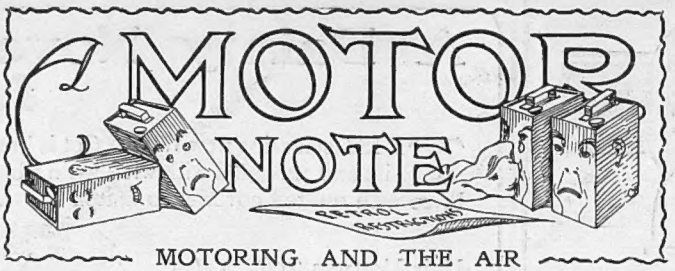

MOTORING AND THE AIR

Preventible Raids?

CAN we entirely prevent air raids? As well ask whether we can prevent the Germans shooting our fellows in the war area. We cannot. I do not suppose anybody imagines we can. What we can prevent is such an amazing exhibition of impotence as was witnessed on the last occasion—or what was the last occasion at the moment of writing. It may quite easily be the occasion before last by the time this note appears. I shall be somewhat surprised if it is not; but I shall be vastly more surprised if the raiders are not handled much more thoroughly than they were on Saturday, the 7th. As they were hardly handled at all on that occasion there is quite a lot of room for improvement.

* * *

An Uncomfortable Proposition

IT is absolutely certain that the people who sit in authority cannot afford to allow London to have any further doses of the same highly concentrated medicine. They cannot afford to have the air full of the evidences of inefficiency. Londoners will stand a lot of raiding when they can see the raiders being dealt with; but when the raiders arrive without molestation, tweak the metropolitan nose, and get away without having to fight most desperately every yard of the retreat the tendency of Mr. Londoner is, quite naturally, to get "fed-up." A "fed-up" Londoner in the mass is an uncomfortable proposition for Authority. Therefore I shall look with some confidence to see a rather drastic change in the manner of dealing with the next raid by comparison with the other.

* * *

Getting Steam Up

WE are supposed to be getting an extra head of steam on in connection with the manufacture of aeroplanes. That was the official reason for the M.O.M. motor tractor mess-up. We have now an official notification that petrol supplies are to be still further reduced to everybody in order to secure a larger reserve for the air services. ("Everybody" in this connection presumably means commercial and public service vehicle owners, munition manufacturers, and all others who are at present able only to potter along upon an allowance generally entirely inadequate if a decent volume of working efficiency is to be maintained.) Apparently we are not now going to wait for the arrival of the American flying squadrons, but are (at any rate, I hope we are) going to do what we might have done thirty months ago if we had possessed imagination and foresight commensurate with the fairly obvious requirements of the case—built up a flying arm large enough for every defensive, as well as every offensive, demand likely to be made upon it.

* * *

Official Failure?

WE have to break any system, and the exponents of any system, that obstructs the development of the air arm or weakens its effective ess. No need again to enumerate the known factors in the present system which contribute to that result. It is sufficient to know that, if we are lacking airmen and machines it is not because we cannot have a surplus of both, but because we have not organised for a surplus of both; that if we have not a sufficient supply of the sort of machines we require it is because the responsible authorities have failed.

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(Continued on page 152)

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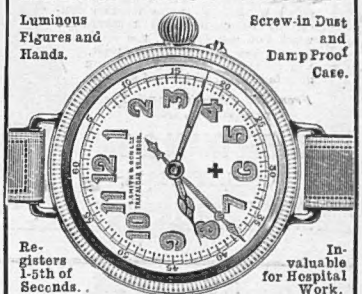

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